Northern Messenger

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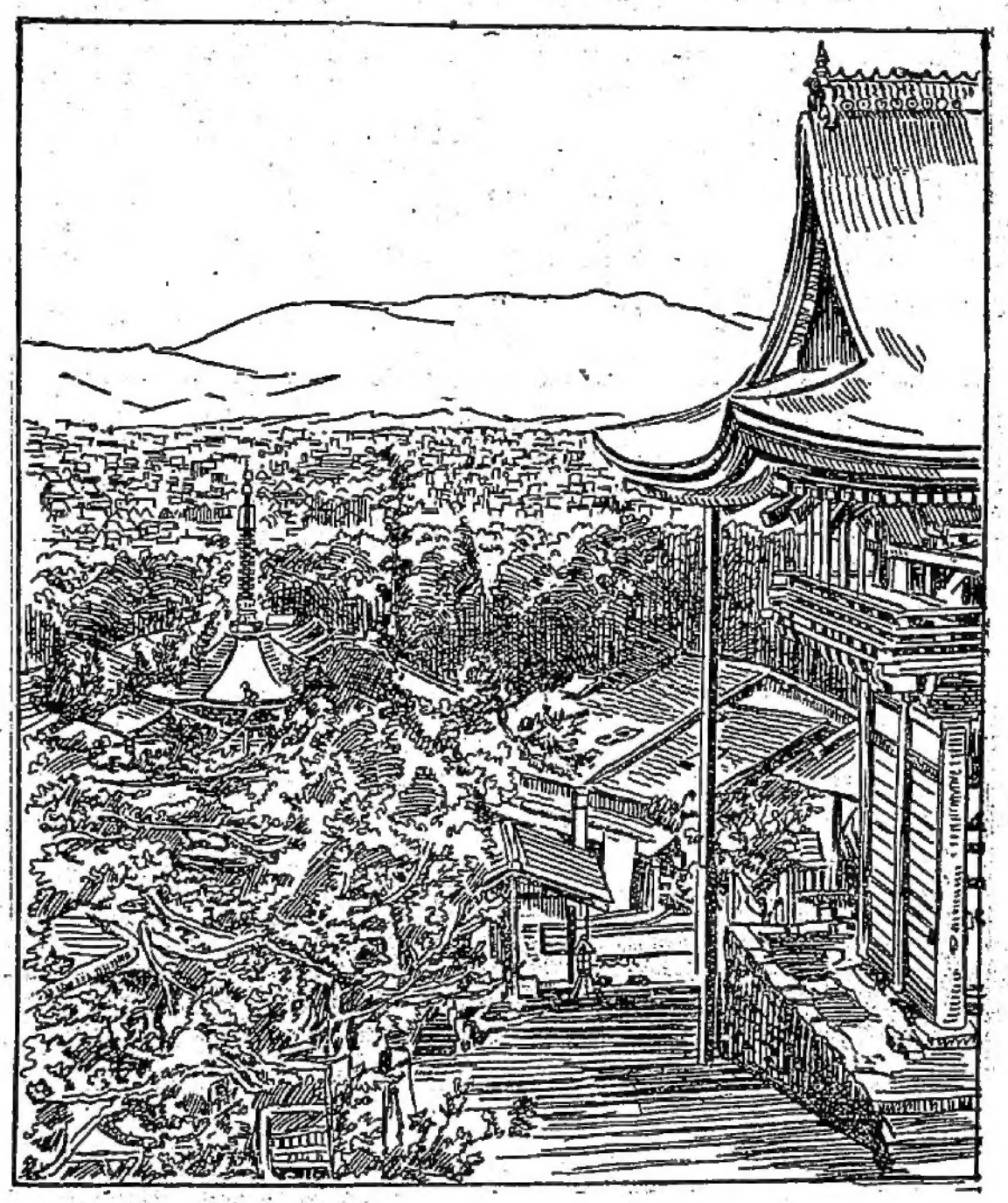
A Walk in Kyoto, Japan.

(By the Rev. Otis Cary, Koyoto, in the 'Missionary Herald.')

If you will take a walk with me through the streets of Kyoto I will call your attention specially to things in connection with the religion of the people.

Looking in at the shops that we pass, we shall see in most of them little shelves placed upon the rear wall, and having on them little shrines, tablets, or images. Often the images will represent one or more of the gods of Fortune. In all there are seven of these gods. Some of them are peculiar to Japan, others seem to have come from India. It is noteworthy that they are all deformed. Thus the one that is most honored by merchants, and who is represented as sitting on rice bags and having a bag of sold over his shoulder, has almost no legs, as though sitting down in his store like the merchants, he has lost the use of them. The god of scholarship has a large head, altogether out of proportion to his body; and so on with the others. One wonders whether those who originally brought together these seven gods did not intend to teach a sarcastic lesson by showing how the pursuit of various forms of wealth and happiness deforms and degrades men.

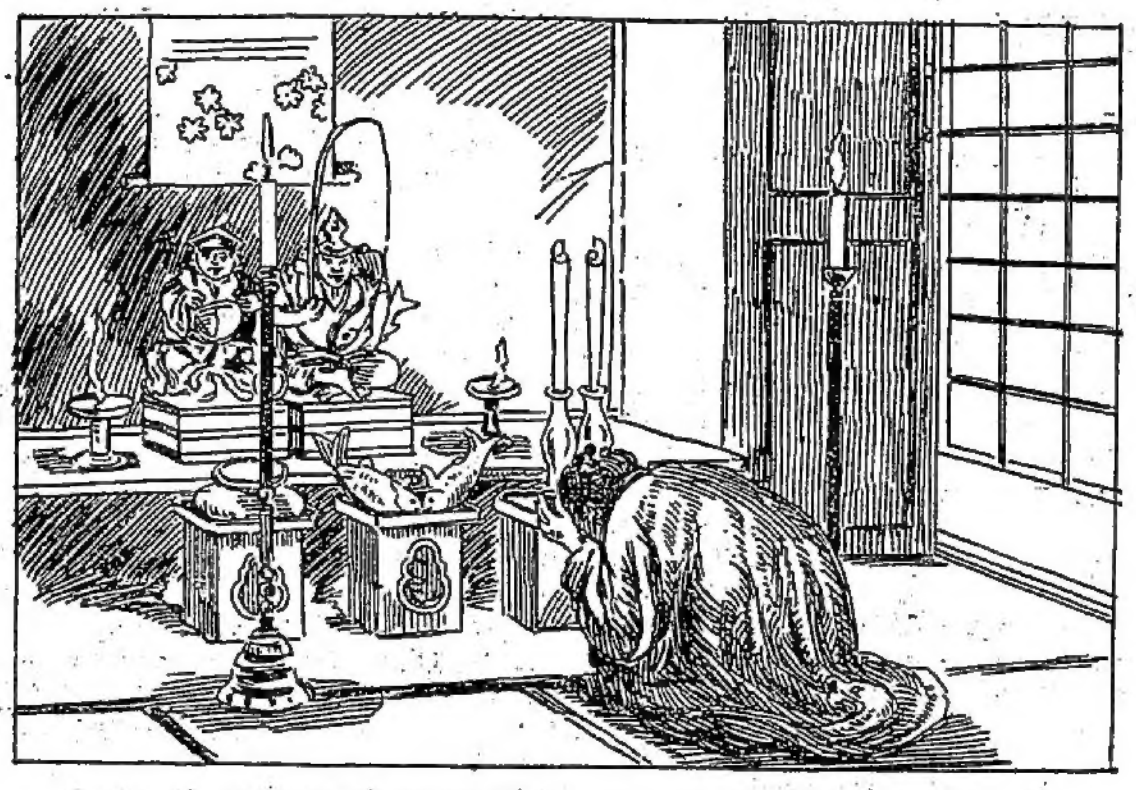
Before these images are placed little dishes with offerings of rice, saucers of oil containing pith wicks to be lighted in the evening, and little censors for burning incense. On some shelves there will be shrines that are reproductions on a small scale of Shinto temples. There may also be ancestral tablets; though these are more likely to be in the inner apartments of the house where the family lives.



A GLIMPSE OF KYOTO.

Turning our attention toward the people in the street, we see a company of fifteen or twenty people who are staring about in very much the way that we are doing, and thus they show that they are strangers in the city. They are not foreigners, however, but people from some distant part of the country who are on a pilgrimage to the famous Shinto shrines of Ise. In olden times nearly every young person expected to make this pilgrimage at least once. Those from the same village would go together and have a jolly time upon the road. As the Olympian games helped to bind together the different parts of Greece, so these journeyings that give an opportunity to see different cities and to meet people from all sections of the country have doubtless done much to preserve national unity. The pilgrims of the present day are almost all peasants. They wear over their shoulders red or green blankets which at night help to eke out the scanty bedding found at the cheap hotels where they stop.

As we pass on we hear the musical tinkling of small, sweet-toned bells, accompanied by a low droning chant. We see that the sound comes from a company of eight or ten men wearing priestly clothes, and having large, bowl-shaped hats. Attached to their girdles are small bells that they strike with wooden hammers, while they chant their prayers. Going from house to house, they present their bowls to receive offerings of food that the inmates may bring. There are many varieties of these begging priests, some going in companies, and others singly. I have occasionally seen houses where, to avoid the trouble of answering these mendicants, a board is hung up at the door with several small coins, hung upon pegs. The begging priest is supposed to take one of these coins, worth one-twentieth of an American cent, without disturbing the inmates of the house.



WORSHIPPING THE GODS OF FORTUNE.

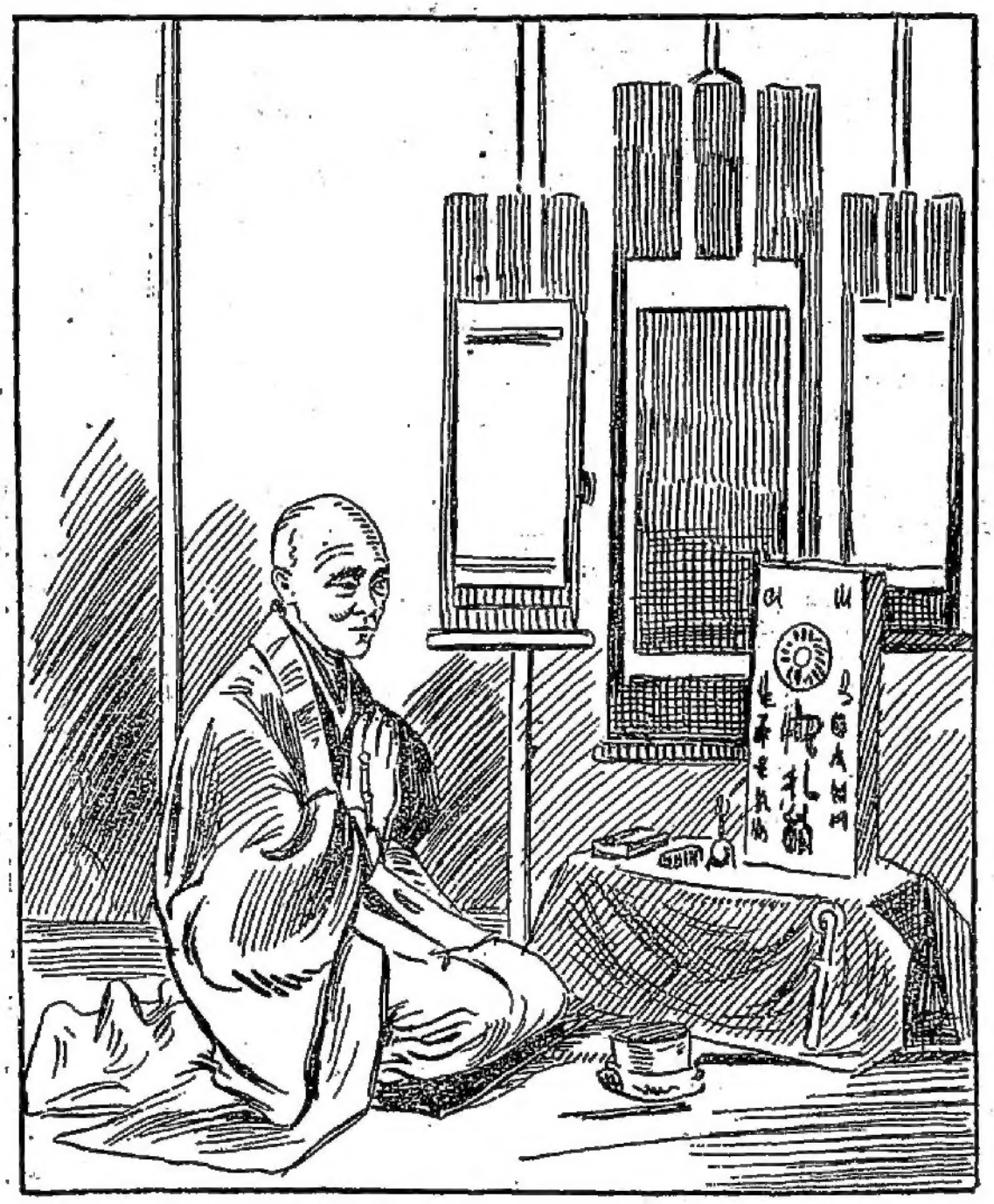
We now come to a section of the city where before every house is hung a large paper lantern. The floor of the front room has rugs or carpets spread over the straw matting, and at the sides and back are folding screens. If the building is a shop, business is suspended, and the people are sitting upon the rugs playing 'go,' on a board some-

what resembling a checker-board. That section of the city is observing a religious festival, and it is a general holiday. It is a good opportunity for you to see fine screens, some of them very ancient. Somewhere in this vicinity we shall probably see the cars in which the deity whose festival is observed is being carried from the temple to some place connected with its mythological history.

The finest cars are to be seen at a festival held in July of each year. Then there are eleven large cars drawn by oxen and carrying in them a number of performers on musical instruments. A child gorgeously dressed is also carried in each car, and parents are willing to pay large sums to obtain the honor for their children. It is noteworthy that in close proximity to the most popular temples of Japan are usually to be found the haunts of vice, and this one in Kyoto is no exception.

Upon another street we meet with a different kind of procession, that of a Buddhist funeral. The chief part of a Buddhist funeral is held at the residence where the person died, and consists chiefly in reading Sanscrit prayers to the accompaniment of small bells or gongs, the burning of incense, and making salutations to the spirit of the deceased. Then a procession is formed and marches in a rather disorderly way to the cemetery. In the case of a wealthy family, the coffin is usually preceded by a large number of coolies, each carrying a mammoth bouquet. Sometimes there are hand-carts bearing large baskets of flowers, or else cages filled with doves or other birds that are released at the grave. The people wear their ceremonial dresses. These are sometimes white and sometimes grey. Straw sandals are worn upon the feet, and on returning home these are burned, as no one would wish to use them again.

When Christianity was new in Japan there were various reports about the way in which Christians treated the bodies of the dead. Some insisted that they were simply thrown out in the fields. A more common belief was that a part of the funeral service was to drive a big nail into the head of the corpse. I could never find out how such an idea arose; but when the first Christian funerals were to be held in a city, large numbers would gather out of curiosity and would wait to see the nail driven. Such funerals afforded good opportunities to preach to many who would not be likely to go to a church. The first funeral held in Okayama, where we lived for some time, was that of a poor paralytic who had lived in a miserable little hut. It was a great surprise to the people of that neighborhood when the Christians of the city, some of whom belonged to families of high rank, came to attend this poor man's funeral. Still more were they surprised when the coffin was carried through the streets by the men of the church instead of being left to the coolies. The route to the cemetery led through the chief streets of the city, and people who saw it enquired who it could be that was having such a 'splendid funeral.' They could hardly believe those who told them about it.



A BUDDHIST PRIEST AT WORSHIP.

One of the most novel of inventions is a baby-incubator for protecting infants whose vitality is low against sudden fluctuations of temperature and impure air. The same tender solicitude for the babe in Christ would make our homes, Sunday schools, and churches spiritual incubators, with the temperature always at blood heat, and the atmosphere full of ozone.—'C.E. World.'

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

For several years before his death, on Dec. 24, 1899, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the 'Youth's Companion,' because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home on one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk, there was found in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more appropriate language.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give alway:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way,

—'Household.'

Bread as a Type.

Bread is a simple thing in its practical use. There are deep problems connected with it; the chemist wonders at it and the biologists stand before it dumb. But there is this beautiful thing about it: we do not need to understand it in order to use it and be nourished by it. The farmer can raise it, the housewife can bake it, and the little child can eat it, though they know nothing of these deep problems. The Gospel has its profound mysteries that no philosopher can fathom; yet in its essential principles and practice it is as simple as bread. Faith in Christ and obedience to him are acts of heart and life that all can do from the greatest even unto the least, and it is by these acts and not by the deep things of theology that we are saved. It is not by analyzing our bread and finding out what it is made of, much less is it by disputing over it, that we live by it, but by eating it; so it is not by analyzing the Gospel or disputing over it that we are saved by it, but simply by believing on Jesus and doing his will. He that cometh to him shall never hunger, and he that believeth on him shall never thirst.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Oct. 14, Sun.—It is a good thing that the heart be established.

Oct. 15, Mon.—Be content.

Oct. 16, Tues.—Obey them that have the rule over you.

Oct. 17, Wed.—Pray for us.

Oct. 18, Thurs.—Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep.

Oct. 19, Fri.—Through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Oct. 20, Sat.—Perfect in every good work to do his will.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Gleaners.

A village on the shores of the Baltic Sea was mostly inhabited by poor fishermen. They were poor; yet in one sense they were rich, for most of them had what they desired. The deep furnished them with meat in the form of fishes, the arid shore was in many places grown over with a kind of brush-wood, much of which died every year and thus became dry, so that after gathering it they could break it into proper length to use on the hearth and burn in the chimney, or rather in a place in the chimney about two feet from the floor. This place was an opening about two feet high by two feet six inches wide out of which led a flue into the main chimney. In this 'grate' they did their light cooking, and in cool weather also it furnished a certain amount of warmth, and in the evening this faggot fire furnished light instead of the lamp usually fed with oily grease. Altogether they lived in a very primitive way, yet they were happy for they

were godly and content. And the Bible says that 'godliness with contentment is great gain.'

Of course the men folk followed the water for the fish, not only to supply their own tables, but also to supply the market of the neighboring town. There they could generally dispose of what they did not need themselves, and the money thus gotten, was invested in twine from which nets were knit and with which the nets were also mended, for any vegetable substance that is alternately wet and dry does not last very long. A piece of wood, for instance, always wet will not soon decay, but if wet one day and dry the next it will not last long.

The women, and the children when out of school, gathered the faggots, a job not without its dangers, for the place where the faggots were gathered was generally full of thorns and briers, which were a constant menace to the barefooted youngsters.

But the gathering of faggots for the winter was not the only work at which the women and younger portion of the family were employed. When harvest came they went long distances to glean after the reapers of the grain. This, although not easy by any means, was considered a delightful task. Going out in search of the fields and coming home, they were wont to go in large companies. On their way home they used to strike the shore as soon as possible, for the water seemed to have a special attraction for these simple folk, notwithstanding that many of them had loved ones sleeping their last sleep beneath the waves that had swallowed them up.

As soon as they came near to the briny deep they would strike up one of their simple melodies, especially if they had been successful, and in joyous strains told the toiler of the deep as he was nearing the shore, that they had not spent their strength for naught, and if the latter had also been blest with a good 'catch,' there was rejoicing together.

To mingle with these frugal people for a time was a real privilege, for among them one could learn with how little a person can get along and still be comfortable, and also that other great lesson that a person's life—happiness—does not consist in the 'abundance of things which he possesseth.' They further show by ocular demonstration, that there is nothing useless in Nature's economy and that even the most forbidding and uninviting spots in God's universe can sustain life, and that it is only the blessing of the Lord that 'maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.'—'S. S. Messenger.'

That Little Clock.

(By Clara Marshall.)

There are those who like to see their parlors filled with those useless little ornaments which polite people speak of as bric-a-brac; which the boys of the family—boys who sometimes break them—call brick bats, and which are known to the housemaids who dust them as gimcracks. There are others besides housemaids who would rather have their room than their company, but such persons usually have very little to say about parlor decorations, as the greater part of their time is spent in business offices where every article that meets the eye, from the great iron safe in the corner to the calendars hanging on the wall, is expected to have its uses. One finds no bric-a-brac in such places. Ornamental articles may be found there, but they must be useful as well. And that is why a certain fancy little clock that fitted so nicely into one of the numerous pigeon-holes of a large office desk was finally banished from its place.

'It is just what I wanted!' exclaimed the young lady who had received it as a Christmas present from a friend. 'The large clock in our office is placed just where I cannot see it without walking across the room, and I can do my work very much better for having the time before my eyes.'

'Why, Miss B——,' said a fellow office worker the next day, 'you are not so prompt as usual in getting ready to go out to lunch. Here it is twelve o'clock, and you have not taken down your hat.'

'It is five minutes of twelve by my time,' returned Miss B——, pointing with her pen to the tiny timepiece in its pigeon-hole.

'Your clock needs regulating, then,' said the other speaker, taking out his watch. 'It is one minute after twelve by the most reliable watch in this building.'

The young lady put the hands forward, and pushed the regulator as far as it would go in the required direction, but all to no purpose, for when five o'clock came by the reliable watch, her clock was found to be three minutes slow. The next day, thanks, perhaps to a vigorous shaking, it was found to be only one minute slow at twelve o'clock, but after that it began to lose from one to two minutes every hour.

'Nothing to speak of,' remarked a young lady of leisure who came in one day to call, but the young lady of business knew better. Pretty as it was, the clock was of no more value as a timepiece than if it did not go at all. And so it was removed from its pigeon-hole to a doll house in the nursery of the young lady's home, for, as the owner of that doll house remarked: 'What did it matter whether it kept good time or bad time?' This matters so much, however, to live people, big or little, that the latter cannot begin too early in life to cultivate the virtue of reliableness.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Question.

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Amidst the din and whirl of busy life?
Perchance in conflict with the false and bad,
Or in communion with the sick and sad,
Or 'mid rude scenes of harsh and wordy strife?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Out in the verdant fields or mountain side,
With loving friends and happy faces near,
Or on the wave-washed cliff, devoid of fear,
Watching the flashing spray, the rising tide!
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Upon the silver sands, where the wide sea,
Unruffled by the balmy summer air,
Blends with the dim horizon, faint and far;
The sea-worn wreck a resting-place for thee?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
In the dark workshop, or the busy mart;
Or crowded court with careworn suitors filled;
Or in the silent ward where voices stilled
And gentle footfalls, speak the anxious heart?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Low at Thy feet—my Lord—
Too oft by me in daily life forgot—
I seek Thy pard'ning grace, Thy Spirit's power
To bind me close to Thee each passing hour;
Nor hear at last the words—'I know thee not.
Thou hast not been with Me.'
—F. Gahan in 'The Christian.'

A Fortunate Phenomenon.

A SICILIAN LEGEND.

(By Meta E. B. Thorne, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

I wonder—have the wavelets that kiss the feet of sunny Sicily caught the liquid music of their rhythmic murmurs from the sweet cadences of the soft Sicilian tongue, or have the pulsing waters, making melody on silver sands, inspired the music of voice, the harmonious flow of the language of the inhabitants of that favored clime?

Questioning thus, as I lay 'twixt musing and dreaming, beneath the soft shadows of an almond grove, with half-closed eyes fixed on the blue waves singing to the strand just below, was it from the murmuring sea, or from whispering human voices that there came to me this tale of the days long gone by?

Many, many years ago, in this smiling valley, dwelt the happy family of a humble Huguenot exile, one of that noble race whose illustrious head had fallen a martyr of St. Bartholomew. Having found his way into this obscure retreat, and married a beautiful Sicilian maiden, Pierre Coligny had also won her to a love for the faith adherence to which had cost his banishment from his native land.

As the years went by their united influence, silent as the light, yet as powerful, permeated the little community. To their neighbors they communicated the Word of Life, withheld elsewhere from the common people. That no evil had so far befallen was owing, doubtless, to their obscurity, and because the narrow vale, hemmed in by the mountains and the sea, was almost inaccessible, seldom visited by strangers, and its inhabitants rarely left its confines. Too poor to support a priest, it was included in the parish of Girghenti, several miles away, whither such as would resorted for mass and confession.

As the peaceful, smiling years glided lightly away, the exile felt almost secure in his little Eden. His only son, bearing the honored name of Gaspard, was almost fifteen, there were twin daughters, Rieta and Nina, two years older, and Pierre's eldest child, Margherita, the apple of his eye, was in her nineteenth year. Fair and graceful as an Easter lily, her beauty of form and face was far out-shone by the loveliness of mind and soul, by which was won and held the love of all who knew her; by the rare and winning charm of manner, and the grace of spirit which manifests itself in constant thought for others, generously looking for the best in each, and in entire absence of self-seeking.

Side by side with Margherita had grown up Lola Berberini, a girl of true Sicilian type, with dark and lustrous hair and eyes, and of the passionate, jealous nature often associated with the Sicilian character. In spite of her grave faults Margherita had held her very dear, and her love had seemed to be returned. But now, as they were entering womanhood,and Lola realized how much truer and warmer was the love received by Margherita than that accorded to herself, the fire of jealousy was enkindled and sprang into a brilliant flame. Rarely does this evil spirit live in thought only, for if cherished, it soon inspires to evil deeds. Thus Lola's whole thought semed now how best wreak injury on one who had never wronged her, but who had always been her truest friend.

The Berberini family was one of the few who still clung to the old faith, and Lola decided that through this fact she might most easily attain her ends. She therefore asked her cousin, Giovanni Valdino, to take her with him to the next festa at Girghenti, for the young man was conscientiously true to the faith in which he had been reared.

The sun was gilding the hilltops with the early light of that eventful day when Lola and her companion set out on their long walk, leaving the valley still lying in darkness and silence, a soft veil of trailing mist marking the path of the small river which, having gathered into its arms the waters of numerous brooklets fed by crystal springs among the surrounding hills went leaping down the valley to cast them into the sea. The rocky heights being gained, the weary climbers paused for a rest. Looking back they beheld the warm sunbeams already glinting the vines and olive trees and the almond groves of the peaceful vale they had left, and putting to flight the vapors of the night. Charming, indeed, the panorama which spread around them. What so enchanting as the morning light upon the blue, blue sea, as every little wavelet, joyously laughing back its response to the day-god's first tender smile, flecks the whole expanse with gold? What so musical as the whispers of these same wavelets bidding the white pebbles and golden sands of the beach 'Good morning'? Nor was all this magnificent outlook over sea and shore jutting headland and dimpling bay, crested summit and quiet vale, emerald leafage, and gorgeous flower, lost upon the nature-loving heart of Giovanni—but Lola?—ah, who can fathom the thought of the cunning and revengeful heart?

Proceeding on their way to the city, they reached it in due season, making their way directly to the cathedral—for confession and absolution were pre-requisite to a part in the ceremonies of the day. On entering the stately edifice, they perceived that for some reason connected with the rites shortly to follow, the confessional chair had been removed from its usual position to a place near the door. To it Lola at once made her way, while the young man passed down the long nave to prostrate himself before a picture of the Virgin Mother. The feeling of awe that naturally invests one upon entering a sacred temple so venerable, so imposing, was intensified in the youth by all the influences and habits of his early years, and perhaps by the exaltation of soul in the glorious morning hours just passed. And so he bowed before the Madonna's shrine, and to his reverent spirit the painted canvas was invested with an aureole, while the portrait became instinct with life, and looked down upon him with tender, loving eyes. And he had need of love and sympathy to endure the shock that at this moment befell him in the words which he heard. As one whom a tidal wave has overswept,beaten and bruised remains for some moments passive, then strives once more to rise and engage in the work of life—so he, stunned at first by the almost incredible shock—after a moment's weakness with strenuous effort rallied his forces, regained self-control, and was once more strong to bear and do.

But that which most served to steady him was the sudden realization that on him and him alone depended the safety of those whom he knew as the truest friends of every inhabitant of the secluded valley he called home. Quietly he arose and passed slowly to the door, where he stood for some minutes trying to still his heart's wild tumult with deep draughts of cool, fresh air.

When Lola joined him he met her with a face pale but calm, as he inquired, 'What next?' And she, her heart swelling, with triumph at the near accomplishment of her designs, would have been oblivious had the agitation which stirred his spirit been manifested in his mien. She answered that she was now going to join the girls in the procession, and after the ceremonies would go home with a friend. He might come, too, if he wished, or he might meet her at the church door when the sun was two hours high. He murmured a response to which she paid little heed, but tripped lightly away with a gay 'Adios.'

He watched her out of sight, then slipped away, and slowly, despite an almost unrestrainable inclination to run, by devious ways, made his way to the outskirts of the city. Now, free from observation, he increased his speed, hurrying faster and faster as intervening hills concealed him from any chance observer. When at last he had crossed the brow of the range of hills shutting in his home, he turned aside from the direct path, and passing through the olive groves, and among the fig trees and ilex hedges skirting the slopes, he sought the vineyard of his friend, Leonardo Ribera, a trusted friend, also, of the Coligny family, to whom he looked forward to a closer alliance in the not distant future.

To Leonardo the lad made known the terrible danger threatening their friends, and told of the plans he had been forming for their escape. These being heartily approved, the young men separated, each to perform his own part in bringing them to pass.

Leonardo hastened to the cottage of Coligny, fortunately quite near his own, and concealed from the hamlet by a cluster of laurels and a group of large pomegranates. Quickly he informed the family of impending calamity, and of the necessity for flight, for which young Valdino had so well planned. Without delay they gathered together such necessaries as they could transport, and under the guidance of Leonardo departed from their beloved though humble home. He, too, having loaded his trusty mule with a plentiful supply of provisions, gave a lingering look of regret at the thriving vineyard where he had worked so blithely that very morning, his heart singing gaily the while of the time so near at hand when one should share with him the pretty cottage home, endearing it yet more by the grace and loveliness of her presence.

Now they were wanderers; but after all, what did it matter so long as they were together, and the loving Father was over all? So he clasped in his the little hand of Margherita, finding comfort and courage in its very weakness, and went bravely on to meet the unknown future.

An obscure path skirted the hills, and by slow gradations led the wanderers to their summits on the side farthest from Girghenti; then by an equally slow descent they passed down into the neighboring valley, to find themselves once more beside the sea, on whose shore, at length,utterly weary, they threw themselves down to rest.

Meanwhile Giovanni had retraced his steps along the hillside to his own cottage, which stood near the shore, he and his father being fishermen. As he drew near, the lad heard his father's voice trolling a familiar boating song with whose measure they had often kept time with dipping oars. The old man was mending a net as he sat beside the door in the shade of luxuriant vines that clambered over and nearly hid the tiny cot. Seating himself on the same low bench, the poor lad rapidly poured into that attentive and sympathizing ear the story of the day, of the peril of his friends, and of his plans for their escape.

Hardly was the tale ended, when to the boy's surprise his father sprang to his feet with the celerity of youth, exclaiming:

'I will go with you, my son!' and hastened to make preparations.

An hour's hurried labor sufficed to transfer everything of value to the little boat, chained to the rocks near by. With a look of tender farewell to the lowly home, his father's before him, to the hamlet where dwelt his only friends, and last of all a lingering gaze through misty eyes at the narrow mound on the hillside where slept the wife of his youth, the mother of his boy (who would realize what it meant to this poor old fisherman thus, for the sake of generous friendship, to forsake all he had known and loved?) Valdino followed his son on board the tiny craft, dancing to and fro, and tugging at its chain like a courser impatient for the race, hoisted the sail, and the perilous voyage was begun.

'Hide!' whispered the father, as they glided out of the little cove; and the lad slipped into the tiny cabin. Scarcely had he done so when rounding the point they passed another boat like their own, just entering the bay. Hailing its occupant, Valdino called:

'If you see Giovanni, tell him I shall not be home before morning. It promises to be a good night for the fish.'

The neighbor readily agreed, and they parted with a friendly 'Good-night,' as the outward-bound vessel rounded the point and the loved home disappeared forever from view. For several miles they followed the winding shore, and at length sailed into the little bay on whose strand their friends were already anxiously awaiting them. The mule, relieved of his burden, was turned loose to stray whither he would, while the band of exiles, with their effects, boarded the little craft about to become their floating home. As the sun smiled a last 'Good-night' to the waves he had so tenderly greeted that morning, the sail was hoisted and the graceful prow turned westward, while the entire company falling on their knees, in petitions voiced by the aged Coligny, committed their ways unto him who 'holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.'

As the soft winds, breathing benedictions on the weary voyagers, laid their strong shoulders to the task, pressed gently yet firmly on the swelling canvas, and the light barque instantly responding skimmed swiftly over the rippled bosom of the sea, Coligny turned to the young sailor with the inquiry:

'Now, Giovanni, we can hear your story. I have always known that a sword swung by a hair above us which at any moment might fall. Tell us what has just now snapped the thread. I had begun to hope we might escape.'

All eyes turned eagerly toward the youth, whose face in the light of the evening glow wore a look of deep sadness, as he gazed steadily back to the shore they had left. He roused himself at the question, and after a brief hesitation began by reminding them of his beautiful cousin, of her grace, and brilliancy of mind. 'Do you wonder that I loved her—so beautiful, so good, so true, as I thought her?' he cried. 'Do you wonder that her falsehood breaks my heart?' He told of their walk to the city.

'Could it have been only this morning? It seems far back in the past, years and years ago. We entered the church, Lola going at once to the confessional while I went to kneel at the Madonna's shrine. And then a strange thing happened—I do not yet understand it. Perhaps God sent an angel. But this I do know. There was the confessional, the priest, the chair, and Lola kneeling before him. I could see them far, far away down the long nave—a hundred paces, perhaps. So far that I could not have expected to hear a word unless they shouted. And yet I could hear their whispers as plain as if I had been beside them. No, there was no one else near, few people were in the building—penitents bowing at the shrines, all far away from me. I heard the priest ask: "Why have you not been to confession for so long?" Then Lola's voice answered:

'Father, I have much to confess. I have been very sinful. I was deceived and led away into great evil.'

'"Into evil? What evil? Tell me all."

'"Holy Father, an old man lives in our valley who has beguiled almost all the people into his way of thinking. He bids us no longer come to confession, but confess to God alone. He reads the book that you have forbidden, and teaches the people to read it, too."'

'Oh, the cunning traitress!' muttered the elder Valdino. But his son went on with the marvellous tale.

'"What, what? Is this true?" said the priest. "How dared you conceal it so long?"

'"Holy Father, my fault has been great. I confess it with sorrow. But I hoped to turn them from evil. I would have done them good."'

'Good? Much good she would have done!' again commented the indignant old fisherman.

'"I did not wish them to suffer," Lola went on. "Absolve me, I pray, even though you punish me as I deserve."

'"They must be brought to justice immediately; then I'll deal with you. If you do your part your punishment will be light. But if you let them escape—! Go, now! Take your place in the procession. Return home before night. At midnight meet me at the entrance to the valley to lead me and the troops I shall bring with me to take those rascally heretics. We'll soon put an end to their abominations!"'

'Oh, he will, will he?' and Valdino laughed this time.

But Coligny looked grave and sad as he murmured:

'God pity and forgive them both! And blessed be his name for saving us out of their hands.'

'Amen!' whispered his wife, and 'Amen! Amen!' echoed all who had heard the wonderful tale.

'But we are not safe yet, father,' Rieta tremulously whispered.

'My child, he who has so interposed for us, can keep us to the end.'

'The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress,' murmured Madame Coligny.

'But, father, what if it storms?' interposed Nina.

'I will say, "Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hands of man,"' again quoted the pastor's wife.

'Amen!' Again arose a swelling murmur on the air, and heaven's peace seemed to descend upon the tiny vessel and its occupants.

* * * * *

All was still. Was the story done? Then another voice:

'But do not stop yet! At least tell me whether they escaped shipwreck.'

'Aye! No storms came nigh them. The waxing moon, the skies without a cloud, and hung with heaven's innumerable lamps, reflected in the undulating waters made the "night light about them." Like the pinions of a great eagle, the white sails, never tiring, sped before the ever-favoring gale. Yes, because of their insignificance they were even overlooked by the pirates that in those days infested the great sea.'

'But whither did they go?'

'Through the "gates of Hercules," then northward to the shores where Coligny knew that many of his countrymen had taken refuge, finding a home and a welcome. In a harbor on the Devonshire coast, which they imagined resembled that which they had left in sunny Sicily, they cast anchor, and meeting with much kindness and sympathy from the simple country folk there they remained. Leonardo and Margherita after their marriage made their home in a humble cabin on a small farm, quite near the cottage where dwelt and labored diligently and happily the family of the good pastor. The Valdinos, father and son, devoted themselves and their much-prized boat to the industry which had occupied them in their native land—fishing—and a few year later Giovanni allied himself with the Coligny family by marriage with Rieta, a woman of the noblest character, highly esteemed throughout that region, and whom I proudly claim as my ancestress.'

'But the miracle?'

'It was no miracle, though such they naturally deemed it. Long years afterward it was discovered that the cathedral of Girghenti is an immense whispering gallery, where to one in the right place the faintest sound is distinctly conveyed. The miracle, if any, consisted in the removal of the confessional chair out of its usual place for this one occasion, and the providential kneeling of the listener in the exact and only spot where every word of Lola's confession would be audible.'

'And do you know what became of her?'

'The tradition is that after having vainly sought the fugitives in their own and the neighboring valleys, the angry priest called down on her the most terrible anathemas, which, together with her own disappointment in the accomplishment of her evil designs, so worked upon her passionate nature that she became insane, and after years of wild wandering up and down the hills and valleys surrounding her home, cast herself into the sea.'

'Poor soul! Though she deserved her fate, yet I pity her.'

The Reason Why.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it—she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason,
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard, in the 'Churchman.'

In the Honors of the Class.

(By Jean K. Baird, in 'Christian Advocate.')

'"Friends, Romans, Countrymen"'— O bother that doesn't sound at all well. Doesn't my voice sound weak, Hal? Is this better? "Friends, Romans, Countrymen." The voice rang out pure and clear, and the morning air vibrated with the time-worn oration.

'"I came to bury Caesar"'—The sentence ended with a loud boyish laugh.

'You seem to consider Caesar's burial little less than a circus,' said a second voice. 'Get more feeling into that, Carl. This way: "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him."' The voice was full and deliberate, and under its influence the sentence was rich with feeling.

Carl stood straight on the stump again, and once more began. '"The evil that men do lives after them."' He seemed to have caught the inspiration now. His boyish form was drawn to its utmost. His eyes flashed, and his voice was free and clear. An Antony worthy of the name he seemed, carried away by the inspiration of his own words.

Suddenly, a bell rang in the distance. The would-be orator sprang down from his stump nostrum, and the critic got up from the grass and gathered together the books.

'I'm not going back now,' said Carl. 'We might have no classes this morning. That's what it is to be a grave old senior. I'm going to take a cut across the fields. There's a fellow down here I must see.'

'Give me the books, then, I'll take them back to school. When will you try again? Why not after the tests this afternoon?'

'All right, if you'll listen to me. But I must have an audience. I'm willing to put in plenty of time at it. The greatest trouble with me is that when I'm worked up to a subject my voice goes up like a rocket. I need drilling until I can control myself.'

'You need practice. A high, shrill voice in an oration is—' Hal shrugged his shoulders in a way that suggested all manner of disagreeable things.

The boys jumped the fence that bounded the fields and entered the public road. Carl, the enthusiast, still kept up his rapid, excited talk, while Harold, deliberate and thoughtful, threw in a word now and then as his share of the conversation.

'It isn't the money that I care for, Hal. When it comes to a couple of hundred a year, that's nothing to mamma. But it's the honor of the affair. I wouldn't consider the money, would you, Hal?'

'No; not for the sake of money alone.'

'And even the honor doesn't influence me so much. Yet I do think it's a good bit of satisfaction to know you can do something well. But mamma would be delighted if I'd be first. You know, there isn't any of her family left; only she and I. And I do believe she hasn't a plan that doesn't concern me. And it's more on her account than my own that I wish to take the scholarship. She wouldn't think whether it meant five cents or five millions. It would be the honor. That's why I'm working so hard. It's for her sake. Wouldn't you, Hal?'

'Yes.'

'And I've made up my mind that I'm going to take it. Dr. Dixon said last fall that I was the 'stuff that orators were made of.' I really love it, Hal. When I stand before a chapel filled with people I forget them, myself, and everything but my talk; and I have a picture of it before me—what the real orator thought and did. If I could but keep my voice from scale running. But do you think I'm getting better in that?'

'Yes; you're improving. But you mustn't give up your practice for a single day.'

'There's only one fellow that I'm the least afraid of. That's young Munson. He's not apt to say much about what he does, but he's a worker. He's good at an oration, and he controls his voice beautifully; but I can get more spirit than he. So we are about an even balance. Don't you think so?'

'I don't know Munson. He's not a boarding student. And I don't know any day students out of my own class. Where does he live?'

'Down here at the corner of the square. Do you remember the little cottage that stands there? He and his mother live there alone. He hasn't been at school for a week. I'm going there now for a library book he has. He's a first class sort of fellow.'

'Yes, so I've heard. But if you're going on, I'll leave you here, or I'll be late for class again.' They had reached the low fence that skirted the campus. Harold placed his hand on the rail and lightly vaulted over, and started on a run toward the school.

Carl went on his way until he reached the small one-story cottage at the corner. A small porch ran before the front of the house, on which the hall opened, the door of which was standing ajar; and Carl, as he stood on the porch, could see through the small, square hall, into the room beyond. Just a glimpse was given him, but with a boy's keen eye, he took in the scene clearly and rapidly, and concluded that the Munsons were poor, very poor, and that they had not always been so. The draperies were of handsome material, but patched and darned. The hall floor was not guilty of any finish, except what the scrub brush had given it; but the rug that extended from door to door in its best days, had been an expensive Turkish affair. Everywhere his eyes rested there were darns and mends and patches, while carpets, draperies, and bric-a-brac, suggested dainty, refined tastes and previous means. He raised his hand to the bell, when voices from the room beyond reached him. His hand fell, and, all unconscious of his action, he stood still and listened. He recognized Levi Munson's voice at once. The other was a woman's voice, particularly sweet-toned and well-modulated.

'But, Levi, I do not think it wise for you to study now. You might ruin your eyes forever. Be content to rest a few days.'

'I can rest, after commencement, mother. I must work now. Why, do you know that I have not started my oration yet, and it's less than three weeks from commencement? And I must get that scholarship if I—'

'Hush, hush, Levi! Do not count so much on it, dear. Remember how many other boys are working, and will do their best. And that one boy in particular—'

'Milligan? He's the only one I'm afraid of. He's fine! He's simply carried away by his oration. He does better before an audience than alone. But it doesn't mean much to him. He will go on through college if he doesn't get the scholarship. It means only "honor" to him, while to us a scholarship means "honor," "college," and "everything good."' She laughed softly, but to the boy on the porch there was much sadness, and little mirth in the laugh.

'It does mean almost "everything," mother. If I get the scholarship, I will be less a burden to you. Do you know, mother, it seems wrong for me to be going to school while you go about nursing and wearing yourself out to give me these advantages? I wish to go on, I want to be educated, but I don't feel like sacrificing my mother for my ambition. If I get the scholarship, I shall go on and finish; if I don't, I shall give up and go to work. I won't have you to struggle for me."

'Yes, Levi, if you get the scholarship, we'll live as people do in fairyland. But do not count too much on it. Some way will be open before us. We shall never be forsaken. As to your going to school, do you not see that it is for the best? You must prepare yourself now, when I am able to work and able to help you. Then in a few years I shall depend on my great, sturdy son. It will not be long before your mother is an old woman for you to take care of.' Again she gave the laugh with sorrow in it, and to Carl's listening ear there was a quick movement, and a sound very much as though Levi's arm had been thrown about her neck, and he was repaying in tenderness the love she had bestowed on him.

Carl, remembering suddenly that he had been guilty of listening, raised his hand and rang the bell. The mother came to the door, but Levi, recognizing his classmate's voice, called to his mother to bring Carl in. The room into which Carl was ushered was shabbier than the hall. Levi lay on a couch, with a screen shading his eyes from the light, and the school books packed out of reach.

'Why, Munson, how's this? We didn't know you were sick!'

'I'm not. My eyes are weak, and cold has settled in them, and at just the wrong time for me to stop work, too.'

'Examinations and all that. But you'll get through on your class record if you're too sick to take the examinations.'

'It isn't the exams. I'm worrying about. I'm thinking of class day. I don't know my oration yet, and if my eyes don't get better soon, I shall have to give that up. Mother started reading it to me, but she's busy until late. So I have given up learning it that way. You will excuse mother, but she was just about to leave when you rang. So she felt compelled to hurry, it being so late.'

She had already left the house, and Carl, glancing from the window, saw her hurrying down the street, a delicate, sad-faced woman, dressed in widow's weeds.

'Is she away all day?'

'Until bedtime. She is companion to an old lady who is ill. They wanted her to stay there, to make her home; but she couldn't or wouldn't, leave me. It's lonely enough with her gone, especially when a fellow can't study or read.'

Carl sat silent. His mind was busy devising and working out an idea that had suddenly popped into his head. He recollected himself suddenly. 'I beg your pardon, old fellow,' he spoke at last, 'but my thoughts have gone wool-gathering all morning. I musn't stay longer. I came after the book of orations from the library. You have it, haven't you?'

'Yes; you will get it from the rack, Carl? The third row. That's it. My oration's in that. I thought I would have learned it by this time. But I'm afraid its "good-bye" to that class day now.'

Carl took down the book and leaved it over thoughtfully. 'I must go,' he said, slowly. Yet he made no move toward the door. Evidently some weighty subject was bearing down upon him and making the excitable Carl more deliberate. 'If you're alone, Munson, and don't mind, I may come down this evening—if the doctor gives me permission.' And without another word Carl was gone.

If there is one scene above all others that is pleasing, it is to see on commencement day a great rostrum filled with bright boys and girls about to leave school life, each with a cherished ambition; each eager to go forth into the bustle and worry of life, confident that the world only holds good for him, and so sure that he can and will do but good for it; each ambitious and hopeful to be the guiding star, and in fancy seeing himself the observed of all, the admired, the loved, the one bowed to. But to you who have put your commencement day years and years back of you there's a good amount of pathos in this scene. You know the disappointments, the rebuffs, the heartaches, and sorrows that must come; how the cherished ambitions slip farther and farther away; how work undone and never to be done, piles up before them—all this is come before they learn that life is not 'what I will to do, but what is put before me to do.'

This particular commencement day was marked by an unusual number of bright, enthusiastic graduates. The rostrum was filled with eager, flushed faces, while below the chapel was a scene of bright gowns, roses, and fluttering fans, that seemed like bright-winged butterflies, resting for a moment, then fluttering on.

The orations had proceeded in usual routine. Carl's name was last, and Levi just before. As the boy before him finished Levi's face relaxed, and he glanced down to where his mother sat. She read his thought. He knew that he could excel the ones before him. Carl only was to be feared. With a quiet, manly confidence, Levi stepped to the front of the rostrum. He began with a clear voice his oration on 'Ambition': 'We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives.' But as he proceeded his voice grew more steady and full. His eyes brightened, his cheeks flushed, and when, with body erect, and head proudly carried, he spoke: 'When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty, "Write me as one who loved his fellowmen,"' the applause rang through the chapel, and as he finished there was nodding of heads and bows and smiles, and a general feeling of congratulation over his success. There was no question thus far about the honors. Levi had far excelled the rest. As he walked back to his place his heart beat high with ambition. College and college joys floated before him. He glanced down at the faded, tired mother, and saw how bright and happy-looking his success had made her.

But Carl—how he dreaded Carl! Carl, who swept all honors before him! Carl, the orator and favorite! And Levi had need to fear him; for from the first, Carl was master of the situation. There was no nervousness or fear in his manner. He talked as easily as though conversing with the boys. Yet his nice conception of each idea and his rendition were worthy of an Antony. Levi's face grew pale as he listened. The scholarship was slipping from him, he knew. That fact he recognized as soon as Carl began. The flutter of fans had ceased. The room was still, all listening as if spellbound by the voice of the orator.

'O judgment thou are fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason. Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause till it come back to me.' His voice became tender and loving, as though his own dear friend lay in a casket before him. And tears sprang to his eyes.

As he directed his speech to the audience again he saw before him the delicate, sad face of Levi's mother. The resolution he had made to himself hours before came back to him. He heard again the conversation in the widow's cottage. 'Write me as one who loved his fellowmen;' yes, with him to this should lead all the rest. So in that part of the oration which he knew best, Carl stopped in the midst of a sentence, stumbled over the words, hesitated, corrected himself, and then went on more brilliant and determined than ever.

But the one blunder was sufficient. The scholarship was Levi's.

As the judges filed back into the room, and the chairman arose to give the decision, a stir was made among the audience, and a slender, delicate woman in widow's weeds, walked to the front of the hall.

'Pardon my interrupting, gentlemen,' she said, in her sweet toned voice, 'but before you give your decision I wish to tell you something that may change that decision.' She awaited their permission to speak. The judges gave their assent.

'I feel that the decision is in favor of my son.' The judges again bowed assent. 'But I must explain to you that from a point of honor the last contestant claims it. For two weeks Carl has read Levi's oration aloud during the evenings, that Levi might learn it. I have heard Carl give his oration without a fault, and from my knowledge of the whole affair I know that Carl's one fault this evening was premeditated. He knew what the scholarship meant to my son, and for Levi's sake, Carl placed himself second. The awarding of the scholarship rests with you, but I believe the explanation is due to Carl.'

She bowed and walked quietly back to her place. The judge arose to speak, but his voice was drowned with applause. He tried to explain that the decision could not be reconsidered, and attempted to eulogize Carl's action. But there was no restraining the audience. There were calls for 'Levi' and 'Carl,' and the boys were pushed forward, where they were surrounded by friends eager to congratulate them.

'You won it, Carl; you must take it,' whispered Levi.

'I'm getting more honor out of it now than I deserve,' said Carl, trying to laugh at the fuss. 'I wished it only for mother's sake, but she seems happy enough without it.' And he laughed heartily again, trying to forget the struggle he had gone through on the rostrum, when for one moment he hesitated to lose or win.

'Write me as one who loved his fellowmen,' and, like the hero of the old story, Carl's name led all the rest.

Why the First Step Costs.

You are a bright young boy or girl. You are beginning to feel the power to act for yourself. Childhood is past. The time has come when you not only may, but must decide many matters for yourself. The very fact that you can now do many things of which your parents need never know, brings temptation. One by one, other temptations are certain to strike you—not, of course, to do any gross thing—that would only disgust, it could not tempt you. Only the tiny waverings from right entice, only the little by-paths from the road in which you have always been led tempt you. They look harmless, quite as if they would lead in the same direction as the accustomed road, only in a new and pleasanter way. No one ever turns abruptly from right to evil, although a square 'right-about-face' soon becomes necessary if one would return from evil to good.

'It is the first step that costs'—the rest is only a slipping, slipping, drifting, drifting, until the awakening shock comes.

The first time you do something you feel best to say nothing about it at home; the first time you accept a glass of punch flavored, no matter how slightly, with spirits, the first time you allow yourself to be drawn into questionable amusements, you have taken that expensive first step. Why is it expensive?

Simply because you have 'established a precedent.' After once doing one of those things you will have, besides the former temptation, your own reputation in addition to combat. 'You did it the other evening' is the strongest argument that can be used against your scruple.

The boys will say, 'You drank punch last week at John's camp, now you must have a glass of beer with me. It is just as harmless.' Or a girl will plead: 'You let your mother think you were going to the church social with Ella, when she took you to the park. You can do it again and go to the theatre with me. The tickets are bought, and we shall feel hurt if you don't come with us now.'

When once you have taken the step you have entangled yourself in a web. You struggle half-heartedly and its meshes close about you one by one, until tiny as they are, you realize that escape from them would be very difficult.

Then but one course is wise—break away altogether. Some of the meshes that bind you will still seem very delightful. You will wish you could slip away from some without giving up the others. It cannot be done. Right-about-face and go the other way. Why? Look about you.

Which are the happiest people in your community; which have the most solid fun; the most lasting good times, of the three classes you see, those who are utterly unprincipled, those who throw themselves whole-heartedly into right doing and helpful work for those about them, or those who waver miserably between the two?

Be honest about it; think of it carefully, and you will decide wisely. It is only thoughtlessness that leads into wrong. Thoughtlessness is fatal. No one goes into questionable things deliberately; one drifts only because in the whirl of gaiety one does not, cannot stop to consider.

Therefore, if you are a bright, young boy or girl, just at the threshold of your freedom, take time now to decide in which direction your first step will be taken; the first step towards rights costs, but prepare to take it bravely and firmly. Give yourself nothing to undo a little later; 'to form is easier than to reform,' the German philosopher tells us, and with the same thought in mind, the heroic Greeks left us this motto: 'The beginning is half of the whole.'—Hattie Louise Jerome in New York 'Observer.'

Rabbi Ben Karshook.

'Would a man 'scape the rod,'
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
'See that he turn to God
The day before his death.'

'Yet might a man inquire
When that would come,' I say.
The rabbi's eye flashed fire,
'Then, let him turn to-day.'

ROBERT BROWNING.

Dolly and the Ducks.

(By Gertrude E. M. Vaughan, in 'Child's Own Magazine.')

Dolly was feeding the chickens when her mother called her.

'Dolly, dear,' she said, 'I have something to tell you.'

And as Dolly threw the last grains of corn to the tiny fluffy things, and skipped along the gravel path, she wondered what made her mother look so grave.

'What is it, mother?' she asked.

'It is this, dear; we are going away from here to live in London, and I am very much afraid that you will have to leave your pets behind.'

'Oh, mother; must we go?' cried the little girl. 'It would be terrible to have no pets.'

'Yes, dear, we must,' her mother answered gravely.

Then a bright idea struck Dolly, and she said,—

'Mother, couldn't we take just one of each — one duck, and one rabbit and one chicken, and one white mouse and one guinea-pig? There must be room for them in such a big place as London!'

'I'm afraid we couldn't,' laughed her mother. And then she added, while the grave look came into her face again, 'Even a guinea-pig must be fed, you know!'

A few weeks later Dolly was greatly excited to see two huge yellow vans come to the door to fetch the furniture; and mother was calling her to get ready for the journey.

'Well, Dolly,' said her father, when they had been in their new home about a week. 'And how do you like London? Is it as nice as the country?'

Dolly shook her head. 'I'm trying to like it, father,' she answered bravely; 'but it is not as nice as the country! I do miss my pets dreadfully.'

Dolly's father and mother looked at one another.

'Supposing you and I go for a walk, Dolly,' said her father. 'Run and get your hat.'

Dolly flew to get ready, and, in a few minutes, she was clinging to his hand, as they threaded their way through the streets, which were so crowded with people and cabs and omnibuses, that Dolly wondered how everybody ever got safely to the other side.

Soon they turned in between two large iron gates, and in a few minutes a cry of delight broke from Dolly.

'Oh, father!' she cried, 'what a lovely big pond! And look at the ducks and swans.. I am so glad we came!

Her father smiled; and then he put a little paper bag in her hand full of bread-crumbs, which the little girl threw to the ducks. Such a crowd of them, came paddling towards her, quacking loudly and each was so afraid of being too late! There were wonderful foreign ducks as well as English ones, and great stately swans, and pretty divers that swim under water and then come up a long way off to breathe before going down again.

'Now, do you mind so very much having to come to London?' asked her father, as they turned to go home.

'Oh, no, father,' she answered, clapping her hands. 'I think it's a beautiful place—almost as beautiful as the country.'

Dolly went to many nteresting places after this, and, among other wonderful things, she saw the wild beasts at the Zoo; but better than anything, she liked to feed the ducks in the park, because then she could play at being in the country —and that was best of all.

The Right Sort of Boy.

He is the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work,
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk;

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way,
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day;

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can,
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land, and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

—'Early Days.'

'His Name Shall Be in Their Foreheads.'

'How will God write it, papa?' asked little Eve.

'Write what?' asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and the two were keeping house while mother was at church.

'See what it says,' said she, resting the book on his knee and pointing. Then she read it out: 'And his name shall be in their foreheads.' 'You see, it's out of the Bible,' added she, 'and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?'

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. 'God will not write it at all,' said he.

'Not write it!' exclaimed Eve, in astonishment. 'Then how will it come there?'

'Some things write themselves,' said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But, of course it must be true since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

'When you look at grandfather's silver hair,' began her father, 'what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?' continued he, as Eve hesitated. 'Who wrote it there?'

'It wrote itself,' said Eve.

Father nodded.

'Right,' said he. 'Day by day and year by year the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if someone had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, "This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth and can eat crusts." That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so.'

Eve laughed.

'What a funny sort of writing,' said she.

'When little girls are cross and disobedient,' her father went on, 'where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see.'

'I know,' said Eve. 'In their faces, doesn't it?'

'And if they are good?'

'In their faces, too, Is that what the text means?'

That is what it means,' said father. 'Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it.'—'Children's Paper.'

Jess Goingto.

'Jess Goingto!' I hear someone say. 'Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like.'

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character—even that of a child—by the company which he or she keeps. Now, Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable charactor, Procrastination. And it is singular that when a boy or a girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will very frequently assume the name as well as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

'Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?'

'No ,mother; but I'm Jess Goingto.'

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterward.

'Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry. The fire is getting very low.'

'Yes, mother; I'm Jess Goingto.'

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

'Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it. They are very dry.'

'Yes, father; I'm Jess Goingto.'

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, isn't it?'

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

'Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fret-work, Herbert,' says his mother. 'Why didn't you clear it away when you had done?'

'I was Jess Goingto, mother, only Annie called me to look at something, and then I forgot.'

'I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you!'

'No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I hadn't time.'

Never is the name of Jess Goingto associated with duties done, kindness performed, or requests obeyed, but always do we hear of her in connection with heedlessness, idleness, disobedience and neglect. And many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in her society; many tears—late and unavailing—does she cause them to shed.

Having, then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that, though I have never seen Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influnce is unfavorable in the extreme. I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope she isn't a friend of yours.—'Sunday-school Call.'

Five Little Foxes.

BY-AND-BYE,
I CAN'T,
NO USE IN TRYING,
I FORGOT,
I DON'T CARE,

are sly little foxes. Someone has found out the following way to get rid of these troublesome little fellows, and we advise our readers to try it when they see them around

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-bye.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can!

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll try.

Among my vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I will-not-forget-again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I don't care.

Then let I'm sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—'Sunshine and Shadow.'

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21.

The Lost Sheep and Lost Coin.

Luke xv., 1-10. Memory verses 4-7. Read Luke xiv., 25-35.

Daily Readings.

M. Lost Son.—Gen. xxxvii., 23-35.
T. Man Cried.—Psa. xxxiv., 1-22.
W. Good Shep.—Jn: x., 22-38.
T. Chief Shep.—Peter v., 1-14.
F. Great Shep.—Heb. xiii., 1-21.
S. My Shepherd—Ps. xxiii., 1-6.

Golden Text.

'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'—Luke xv., 10.

Lesson Text.

(1) Then drew near to him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. (2) And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them. (3) And he spake this parable unto them, saying, (4) What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? (5) And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. (6) And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. (7) I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

(8) Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? (9) And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. (10) Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Suggestions.

Tenderly the Shepherd,
O'er the mountain cold,
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold.

Patiently the owner
Seeks with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness,
Her treasure rare.

Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around,
He once dead, now liveth—
Once lost is found.
—Old Hymn.

As Jesus was preaching to the multitudes great numbers of publicans and outcasts came to hear him, he was glad to have them come, and made friends with them that he might win them to God. But the scribes and Pharisees, critics and fault-finders complained of his friendliness toward these open sinners—as reasonably as one might complain against a strong wise doctor going amongst sick folk. These were the very people that the Lord Jesus had come to save, and how could he save them if he would not speak to them?

Our Saviour gave three exquisite parables on the finding of the lost, the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son. It is a personal question which Jesus puts to these scoffing critics. What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it? They cannot deny that they would take a great deal of trouble to save a lost sheep, or that they would be very glad at its return. So Jesus tried to make plain to them how much trouble he, the good Shepherd, was willing to take for the saving of one lost soul. The ninety and nine sheep who were safe in the wilderness, or pasture, represent those who are already safe in the kingdom of God having never wandered very far from the fold. The shepherd loves his sheep that are safe in the fold, but he loves the wanderer as well, it belongs to him just as much as the others do. The wandering sheep gets into all sorts of difficulties and troubles and suffers much for its folly, it also entails much trouble and anxiety on the shepherd. But the Shepherd loves the sheep and gives his own life for its ransom.

Though we may not be able to appreciate so well the joy with which a shepherd welcomes back his straying lamb, we can all sympathize with the finder of the lost piece of money. We understand the anxiety with which the loser would search, high and low, in possible and impossible corners, taking a light to make her search sure, sweeping, dusting, and turning things over, till she finds the precious coin. We can well appreciate the thrill of joy with which the weary owner seizes the piece of money. Though the coin may be dusty and tarnished, and the inscription may be partly defaced, still it is her own money and of as great value to her as the other coins of its order. When we lose a piece of money, we hunt for it, not because we value it more highly than we do the coins still in our possession, but because it is lost, and it is ours even though it is lost. So we belong to God, and we are his even if we are lost. It is only because we were lost that Jesus came to seek and to save us.

Questions.

Why did our Lord make friends of sinners?

Did he ever make light of their sins?

What three parables did he use to show the value of a human soul?

How does the shepherd typify Christ?

What great thing is it that makes the angels rejoice?

Is any treasure of greater value than a soul?

C. E. Topic.

Oct. 21.—Our stewardship.—Luke xii., 42-48.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S WILL DONE.

Mon., Oct. 15.—Known in the Bible. Heb. i., 1-2.

Tues., Oct. 16.—Pray that you may do it. Ps. cxliii., 10.

Wed., Oct. 17.—The promise to the doer. I. John ii., 17.

Thurs., Oct. 18.—Christian experience teaches. I. Cor. ii., 11.

Fri., Oct. 19.—Serving to know. John vii., 17.

Sat., Oct. 20.—Daily living. Rom. xii., 2.

Sun., Oct. 21.—Topic—Doing God's will. Luke xii., 42-48.

Interruptions.

A recent writer in speaking of the ideal lesson and the tactful teacher says: 'Occasionally the unexpected happens in class. The lesson is interrupted by the blackboard falling down, or a band passes the window, etc., etc. Let us make some comment, laugh with the children, listen to the band a moment with them, and then, having really led your class all the time, lead them back, promptly and sharply, to the subject matter of the lesson and be more interested than usual for a short time, so as to undo the evil effects of the interruption.'

Look carefully after the absentees from the Sunday-school. Keep the path between the school and the home so hot that neither grass nor absentees will grow on it. Nothing pleases parents more than a hot-hearted teacher who will give them no peace when their children are absent.

The careful Sunday-school teacher will avoid ruts by earnestly and perseveringly seeking new approaches to the main thought of the lesson, new ways of seting forth the truth before his scholars. As the bee gathers honey from every flower, so he will gather instruction for his class from every book and newspaper he reads, and from circumstance in life he witnesses.—'Endeavor Banner.'

Does a Sunday-school need a teachers' meeting? Does a watch need a mainspring? Does a locomotive need steam? Does a ship need a rudder? Does a church need a prayer meeting? Does a man need a pulse? If a school lacks the teachers' meeting it lacks five vital things—interest, earnestness, good management, opportunity, and spiritual power.—C. D. Meigs.

How to Manage the Big Boys.

I would like to say to that friend who has the class of boys from fifteen to eighteen years old: Follow closely the lessons of the International course. It gives the boys Bible texts to study in common, and there is a bond of union in it that the teacher cannot afford to put aside. Let the teacher put his whole heart into the lesson, looking out each topic of the lesson prayerfully and carefully. Then think over the characteristics of the boys, giving to each just the topic that best suits him. This is not all. Put yourself in each boy's place; make his peculiar traits your own; fit the questions to him till they seem a part of his very self; then, with references from the Bible, gently lead till he sees the truth as it is. Link history close with the great spiritual truths, till the look of pleasure and genuine interest beams in his eye. If you know your scholars and enter into their lives, their joys and sorrows are your own, you will not fail to interest them in the things you like best. Illustrations of your own are good; they are important, but the boys will give you some from their own experience that will be of great value. From them you can draw with more force the moral and spiritual application of the lesson. One great advantage of this method is that each pupil has the feeling that he is of importance; he is really helping to teach the class. Several scholars in the same class can be made to feel that you depend on them for assistance, and you may be sure they will never willingly disappoint you. The Sunday-school teacher has a great work before him, and let the labor be in proportion to the work. Wonderful things have been accomplished by teachers thoroughly in earnest. The words of commendation are to the faithful. Love the pupils, and love the work, and with the Master's help the lessons will interest. Treat each argument or question from a scholar as from your equal. Win the boy with the same loving words Christ used in winning you.—'Sunday-School Times.'

Maps for Class Work.

In making a map to hang before a class, bear in mind that very heavy lines are much more useful than fine ones. Always go over the entire map lightly with pencil first, and take your time to it; then heavy lines may cover these, adding a little from week to week before or during the class recitation, according to circumstances. These may be made with a rubber marking-pencil, or a paint-brush and ink, or wax crayons. Bluing even may be used, and is quite good to represent lakes and seas. Colored chalk crayons are excellent, but rub off easily. If you wish to keep your map, use heavy manila paper. If you wish to erase your work after a time, you will find common window-shades of a dark color very desirable. A damp cloth takes off even the colored crayon-marks, and white-chalk crayon-marks can be erased as readily as from some blackboards I have used.

The map to be used with the Acts or Epistles is not an easy one to draw, but none need groan over making maps for the study of the Gospels. Much is written of Palestine—of the wonders of its climate, its adaptation to all life and to all people, and of the location in regard to other countries. I wonder that some one does not marvel at its being a country so easily represented by a map, and thus so wonderfully adapted to the inexperienced who would correctly teach the Bible history of this land; the coast-line so easily drawn, the Jordan so straight and so crooked (just the right 'crooked-straight' for one who can make neither a straight line nor a curved one), and only two seas in all—how could it be easier!—Mrs. E. L. Miller, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

9. Q.—Why did Paul urge Timothy to drink this wine?

A.—'For his stomach's sake.' Hence, strictly as medicine.

10. Q.—But some say Paul would not have urged him to take the wine unless it was a stimulant. What do you believe?

A.—There were two kinds of wine in those days. One of these, says Pliny, the great ancient philosopher, caused 'headaches, dropsy, madness, and stomach complaints.'

The other was wine whose force had been broken by a 'strainer' or filter and then boiled. It was destitute of alcohol, and one of the chief medicines of those days.

11. Q.—Were the ancient Hebrew and Egyptian priests allowed to use fermented wine at any of their religious ceremonies?

A.—They were not, neither were they allowed to drink fermented wine when engaged in the performance of their sacred duties.

12. Q.—Why, then, would it be necessary that Timothy should be a total abstainer?

A.—As a preacher of the Gospel of Christ he would strive to be as strict in everything that pertained to his personal purity as any Hebrew priest.

13. Q.—What other reason would Timothy have for being a total abstainer?

A.—He was a Bishop, and in I. Tim. iii., 2 and 3, it says:—'A Bishop should be blameless, not given to wine.'

14. Q.—Who wrote this?

A.—Paul, under inspiration from God.

15. Q.—What had Paul written under inspiration before he gave the advice to Timothy to 'take a little wine for his stomach's sake?'

A.—In I. Cor. vi., 10, he had said, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

16. Q.—Where else does he speak of drunkenness?

A.—Galatians v., 21, drunkenness is reckoned among the works of the flesh.

17. Q.—Give us a verse where Paul speaks of wine.

A.—'And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.'—Eph. v., 18.

18. Q.—What does all this show?

A.—That Paul did not recommend the fermented, intoxicating wine, but did recommend the unfermented juice of the grape.

(To be Continued.)

How I Learned not to Chew or Smoke Tobacco.

(By Everett McNeil.)

I could not have been over six years old when I took my first and last chew of tobacco; but, to this day, I have a distinct remembrance of just how that tobacco felt and of what I did to get the taste of it out of my mouth. I found the tobacco in a little paper bag upstairs, in the hired man's room. I had often seen the hired man chew, and supposed, of course, tobacco was something good to eat, and I wanted a taste the moment I saw it. I did not go and ask the hired man to give me some; no, I stole a small handful, and stuffing it into my mouth, began to 'chaw.' At first it tasted sweet, then it began to sting and burn, until, finally, in some alarm, I took the 'cud' from my mouth and threw it out of the window. The next thing I remember I was standing before the washstand in mother's bedroom cleaning my mouth out with castile soap and a tooth-brush.

This was nature's way of telling me not to put any more of the dirty stuff into my mouth; but nature had to be supplemented by mother. I do not think mother whipped me when she found out what I had been doing; but I am quite sure she did something far better—gave me a talking to on tobacco that I, even at that age, could understand and profit by.

I was somewhat older when I smoked my first and last cigar, probably in my eleventh or twelfth year. Father was a farmer and grew tobacco. One day I went out to the shed where the tobacco hung, and pulling some leaves off a stock, rolled them up into something which I fancied looked very much like a cigar. Then I crept away into a corner where no one would be apt to see me, lit the cigar, and placing it in my mouth, began to puff away, determined to get some of the 'solid comfort' I had heard men tell of 'sucking through a cigar.'

Of course I knew I was doing wrong. If I had not I would not have hidden; but men smoked, and other boys smoked, and I wanted to smoke too; so smoke I did.

The cigar drew splendidly. The smoke fairly poured out of my mouth as I puffed, puffed away, thinking what a bright lad I was to be able to make such a success out of my first cigar.

But presently a queer feeling began creeping around inside of me. I took the cigar out of my mouth and looked at it. It was only about half gone and appeared all right. I rose to my feet but instantly sat down again. I could not understand what made my head dizzy. And my stomach! My stomach! oh, my stomach!

The cigar dropped from my fingers, and I fell backward and lay at full length chuck full of solid discomfort.

No, I did not die, but for about an hour I was a very sick boy. Again nature had warned me to let tobacco alone.

Nature had now done her part. She had shown me very plainly that tobacco was not good for me, and yet, I think, both her lessons would have been in vain had it not been for mother. Mother—ah, only when we can look back over our youth through the eyes of manhood do we begin to understand how much we owe to mother! I had to have another dose of mother-love and mother-wisdom and the cure was complete.

This is how I learned not to chew or smoke tobacco, and it has two lessons in it one for the boys and one for the mothers.

Boys, tobacco would not make you sick when you first chew or smoke if it was good for you. Nature sends the sickness to warn you that you are taking a slow poison into your system. Leave it alone. It is only fit for worms to chew and for men to kill lice with.

Mothers, if you do not want your boys to use tobacco teach them the wrong and the folly of it while they are young, before some other boy has had a chance to tempt them to smoke and chew. Put them on their guard Then when asked to smoke or chew they will know it is wrong and why it is wrong, and if you have done your duty well their answer will be NO.—'The Union Signal.'

Practical Proof.

Even the professional pugilist of our modern execrable prize-fights will, in order to obtain victory, put himself upon a regimen of strict temperance, making himself an example of physical virtue for better men. He is a practical proof that strict abstinence from intoxicating drinks is, ordinarily, a requisite condition to the highest health and vigor.—D. D. Whedon.

Correspondence

Falkland.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. We keep one horse, two cows, fifteen sheep and two pigs. We have taken your paper for five years, and could not do without it. I like to read the Little Folks Page and the correspondence. I have a bantam chicken three years old. My greatgrandmother died a year ago. She was ninety-four years old and had lived over thirteen years in Sundays.

RUPERT S. M'NAIR.

Craigilea, Belmont, Manitoba, Canada.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm at Craigilea, near Belmont, Manitoba. There are some fine lakes around here, and the Tiger Hills are about two miles north of us. This is a great place for geese, ducks and prairie chickens. It is also a great place for raising wheat, but on account of the dry weather, the wheat is not quite as good as usual. We have had lots of rain lately, and the farmers have not been able to get on with their stacking. Some of our neighbors have stag hounds to kill the prairie wolves, as they are hard on sheep, but will run if they see a man or boy coming. The wolf is grey and about the size of a collie dog, and can run very swiftly, but the stag hound is too much for him. One of the most exciting races on the prairie is when the stag hound gets after the jack rabbits. The stag hounds generally get left. Gophers are plentiful here and are hard on the wheat in a dry year. Men poison them; boys trap them; but still they flourish. When the wolf can't get mutton, he also kills the gopher. The gopher is about the size of a black squirrel, but grey. He digs a hole in the ground and stores away a lot of wheat for the winter. He is a funny little fellow, for when you come near his hole he will sit up and look at you like a little man, but when you get a little nearer he will pop into his hole out of sight. I am three miles from the Belmont school. I have a pony and cart and drive to school. I am in the fourth class. We have lots of fun playing football. I also go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Tiernan. I am much pleased with the 'Messenger' and look forward to its coming with pleasure. I will close.

NORMAN T. SMITH (age 10).

Dear Editor,—This is the third time I have written to the 'Messenger.' We have taken the 'Messenger' for over three years. I have six brothers and six sisters. One of my sisters went away to be a trained nurse this summer. I go to school and I am in the fifth book. My teacher's name is Miss Smith. My grandma gave me a hen with nine chickens. I have a cat for a pet. We have a grey horse and its name is Dove. We have five cows and one ox. I am thirteen years old and my birthday is on the 10th of April. My chum is Nellie Campbell. I have no more news to write so I will close now. I remain, yours truly,

WINNIFREDE CAMPBELL.

New Richmond, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I like reading it very much, especially the page for Little Folks and the Correspondence. I have four sisters and five brothers, and one little brother in heaven. My eldest sister is married and living in Broadlands. We have five head of cattle. Papa has a horse, his name is Champ, and my brother has a colt which he calls Jim. Papa's niece was here from Boston on a visit; she brought her three little daughters with her. Our trees are loaded with fruit this year. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I go also to day school, and am in the fifth book. Our teacher's name is Miss Pidgeon; we all like her very much. I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion and I have a pledge pin. I have a calf called Kimberly and a cat called Ladysmith. I wonder if any little reader has a birthday the same day as mine, September 16th. I remain your little reader,

CLARA J. M. (aged 12).

Moose Jaw.

John Dougall & Son,—I received the little knife. I thank you for it. It is very nice for so little trouble. I think the 'Messenger' is a nice little paper. Yours sincerely,

MAY HURLBURT, Moose Jaw.

Black Cape.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to you. My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I go to school. I am in the fourth book. I like to go to school quite well. Our teacher's name is Miss Smith. I like to go to Sunday-school. I have a pet chicken. I am twelve years old.

NELLIE M. C.

Nashwaak Village.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messehger.' I like to read the correspondence very much. I have two brothers and one sister. Papa has a bicycle and I can ride it. I go to school every day, and I have to walk over a mile. It is terrible in winter. I am in the fifth book and I am going to be a teacher if nothing prevents me. I wish 'Harriet T.' would write to me.

L. E. BRADLEY.

P.S.—Will some other girls write too?

HOUSEHOLD.

Style—and Style.

(N. E. 'Homestead.')

Perhaps some of you know a girl who is just now feeling rebellious against what she terms Fate, and perhaps the chief cause of this rebellion is the lack of the pretty clothes every girl loves. Perhaps things all went wrong last fall and father seemed unlucky every way. The best horse broke his leg, one of the cows died, a team collided with the new carriage, mother was sick, and so on through the long string of bad luck that made some one say that misfortunes never come singly. Perhaps none of this happened, and yet money is scarce this winter as it is every winter. But this girl never cared quite as much before for new clothes as she cares this winter. She thinks bitterly of Cousin Kitty who is working in the city and gets such lovely things to wear, while there is no way for her but to stay right on the farm and help mother. It is so hard to ask father for anything new when she remembers how much he gives up for his family's sake. Of course she never for a moment thinks of doing anything but what is so plainly her duty—taking the biggest share of the work from mother's tired hands. Still the dissatisfied feeling will come and it magnifies matters, so that sometimes this girl thinks she hates to wear her old clothes anywhere.

If any of you know such a girl, I wish you would tell her what it took one girl years of heartache to discover. She had been preached at just as you have been, that 'handsome is that handsome does,' that no one worthy of regard ever for a moment notices the clothes you are wearing, etc., etc. She knew, as every sensible girl does in her innermost soul, that this was false, and that instead of clothes being a very small factor in one's life, they were truly a very large one. But along with it she learned something else more important—that the expensively dressed girl is not the well dressed girl. When she had put a great many things together ,she had in her possession a secret that enabled her and her friends to be satisfied and charmed with her appearance in whatever she was atfired. She had learned to individualize every article she wore, and in consequence there radiated from her an intangible something oftentimes miscalled style.

She dressed plainly always, except, perhaps, in her own home in the evening. Then she always had a dainty adornment of some kind that was essentially a home dress. 'I want my best at home,' she used to say, and instead of jamming the fluffy, perishable collarette under her cloak, for an entertainment, it was reserved only for the pretty home parlor and those that were so sure to drop in during the evening. On the street, at church; everywhere about her work, her dresses were noticeable for their plain, simple style. She always bought the best material she could afford, and she learned to make everything she wore a very part of herself.

I have seen so many girls, like the one you know perhaps, who had such mistaken ideas of dress. One of the grievous mistakes made is to spend so much for one dress that requires silk and gimp and lace and all the rest of the pretty expensive trimming that so soon soil and tarnish and leave a shabby 'passe' air to the dress that is fatal to the 'style' so much coveted. To-day is the day of shirt waists, the boon of all dress-weary women. If our country girls would only adopt them more readily what a change we should see. How much wiser is the girl who has two pretty wool waists for her one black skirt than she with the one much trimmed 'best' dress. The beauty of these waists is their simplicity; the effect is a hundred times greater than the bit of lace or soiled ribbon which certainly cheapen the dress.

Choose plain dark colors and brighten them with pretty stocks which can be often renewed. But to the girl who counts every cent, ribbon 'counts up' and ,soils easily, while in these days of linen collars,the spotless band has a style of its own and can be easily laundered.

Sacrifice everything to neatness. You cannot be well dressed if your skirt sags, the buttons are off your gloves, your handkerchief is soiled. These trifles are of far more value to your toilet than a brand new dress cut in the latest style. I see, daily, girls who are what the world terms at a casual glance stylishly dressed, whose clothes I know are inexpensive. It is more the way they carry themselves and the way every bit of clothing, from shoes to hat, is individualized, than their dress.

A Cure for Earache.

For earache or toothache, put a large cup of salt into a skillet, and heat until very hot, stirring all the time. Put it into a cloth and tie with a string into a loose bunch,hold this as hot as can be borne over the ear or cheek. If covered with a thick piece of flannel, the heat will be retained longer.

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